

## How the Holy City Keeps the Festival

BETHLEHEM is the spot on which the thoughts of all the Christian world are centred at this season. Thither the Wise Men followed the Star nearly two thousand years ago, that they might lay their offerings at the feet of Christianity's founder.



LOSE upon two thousand years ago this little town of Judea was the scene of the world's first Christmas festival.

How does it celebrate, in these post-Armageddon days, the greatest of all anniversaries?

In the Church of the Nativity where there is no Protestant Church, members of the British community sing carols on Christmas Eve by permission of the Greek Patriarch.

This is one of the happiest evidences of the increasing sentiment of peace and goodwill since the bad old days of the Turks, who purposely inflamed ancient religious differences, causing disgraceful scenes, which are now fading from memory.

Western Christians are only a small minority amongst the Oriental sectarians, whose festivals fall on various dates; five being celebrated together. Moreover, Christians are a mere handful among the mass of Moslems and Jews; hence December 25 is the festival of few in the land which is the cradle of the faith of millions.

A casual observer would not realize the approach of a great festival, except that he might see an occasional passer-by carrying home a pine branch for a Christmas tree. Yet on every hand in this land are scenes recalling the immortal story.

For instance, walking in the Via Dolorosa, at Jerusalem, a visitor passed a carpenter's shop, where a boy was assisting his father, all unconscious of his divine prototype.

There is a bright turquoise sky, the air is cold and as clear as crystals, while by night the waning moon casts a silver sheen over the rocky, rounded hills, as when the shepherds watched their flocks near Bethlehem, and the Magi followed the star.

It was a scene of the visit of the Magi, sculptured on the portal of the Church of the Nativity, which saved the edifice in the seventh century from the destroying hand of the Persian invaders, who thought the carved scene was in honour of their nation.

The only surviving fourth century church is the scene of a great Latin ceremony, the most important in the country at Christmastide, the majority of the population of Bethlehem participating, reinforced by 400 tourists from America and visitors from all parts of Palestine, who crowd the little town for 24 hours. But the atmosphere is that of quiet and reverent rejoicing.

Bethlehem to-day is a little town of about 500 small houses, constructed of the dull, grey stone which abounds in Palestine.

The newer houses have bright red tiles, but the older ones are either domed or have a flat roof made to hold water for storage against the dry season.

The town is situated upon one of the stony hills which are the principal feature of the barren-looking country around Jerusalem, but which nevertheless provide good grazing for sheep and goats.

There is no need to dwell upon the interest of this unpretentious little town, for everyone knows that it was in the surrounding fields that Ruth gleaned both ears of corn and romance, and in those same fields the watching shepherds received tidings of the supreme event which focuses the thoughts of millions of all races and nations upon this holy place.

Near the town, upon the rounded breast of a great hill, is a walled enclosure of some two or three acres, planted thickly with olive and other trees, the verdure of which seems luxurious amidst the barrenness of the surrounding hills.

This, we are told, is the identical field in which the shepherds watched their flocks on the eve of the first Christmas.

The Church and grotto of the Nativity within the town is a fine building, more resembling a fortress than a church, as far as the exterior is concerned. The most notable architectural feature of the interior is the four rows of marble columns which are said to have belonged originally to the Temple at Jerusalem. But the columns are of the Corinthian order, each cut from a single block, and are probably of Graeco-Roman origin.

In the Grotto a silver star on the pavement is said to mark the actual spot where the Saviour of mankind was born. Sixteen silver lamps twinkle over that star and are never extinguished.

The only representatives of any of the western churches in Palestine for more than 600 years after the departure of the Crusaders, the Franciscan Fathers, play the principal part in the ceremonies commemorating the divine event.

Since the reestablishment of the Latin Patriarchate in 1847, the Franciscans are assisted by the Patriarch, his canons and seminaries, and representatives of other Latin institutions also participate.

The ceremonies are begun at 1.30 p.m. on Christmas Eve, and continue almost without a break until 2 p.m. on Christmas Day. The Latin Patriarch, coming from Jerusalem, is met at Rachel's tomb, near Bethlehem, by the parish priest, the mayor, members of the municipality, and other notables, who accompany him to the Church of the Nativity, where the entire population of the town, reinforced by sight-seers and pilgrims, have gathered.

A procession is formed, and, to the singing of the Benedictus, makes its way to the Franciscan parish church, where a service is held, after which the procession reforms and proceeds to the Grotto of the Nativity.

The principal service in the church begins at 10.30 p.m., accompanied with music, and lasts until midnight, when a figure representing the infant Jesus is carried in solemn state to the Grotto, where another service, lasting until 2.30 a.m., is held.

Other services follow all through the night and the following day, until at last the Franciscan Fathers lead the people out of the town to the Shepherds' Field, where the ceremonies are concluded.

## A Favorite Christmas Hymn

THE carols at Christmas! How lustily they will be sung! In what halls and palaces and hovels! High and low, rich and poor, philosophers and peasants, will all sing them, and feel the soft, gentle touch of the spirit of Christmas!

We must all thank those roving bands of minstrels of Norman times who sang old legends, narrated them, embellished them with the glamor and glory of imagination. Then, too, we must thank Wynkin de Worde for making the first English collection of carols and starting us off right! English carols have a pithy, vigorous meaning. Some, no doubt, are rude and written in what to us sounds like strange language; but they are full of ideas, and are rich with a certain quaint humor, and what for want of a better word, we may call shrewd good sense.

Some time ago a certain periodical set out to find the most memorable and quotable quatrains in the English language. The results were quite revealing. Gray and Burns and Tennyson were in the lead. Now if one thinks about it "Auld Lang Syne" has a world-wide popularity hard to excel. But it is quite possible that a certain Christmas carol has a larger popularity, for it is sung from Greenland to Patagonia as well as from Land's End to John o' Groats, from the icy zones of the north to the coral islands of the South Seas. Which would you guess, is the



"Never deny the children their Christmas! It is the shining seal set upon a year of happiness. Let them believe in Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, or Kris Kringle or whatever name the jolly saint bears in your religion."—Marian Harland.

popular carol? I think it is, "Christians Awake! Salute the Happy Morn." This popular Christmas hymn was written when George II was on the throne, by one Dr. John Byrom, the son of a Manchester linen-draper. It appears the doctor's daughter, "Dolly," wished for a Christmas hymn of her own, so the good father set about the task of writing one for her. The first draft of the famous hymn is preserved in the Chatham library. John Walworth, the organist of Manchester Parish Church, heard of the composition, was much impressed by it, and set it to music that has sent it singing round the world. While Dr. Byrom sat in his parlor, probably musing upon less musical matters than carols and more weighty matters (to him) than fame, the music of his carol discoursed upon the air. Who can tell the delight of the writer as he listened to the choir's rendering! And who can guess just what Mistress Dolly said! Since that Christmas Eve of 1750 "Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn," has sung itself into the consciousness of the English-speaking race; and no doubt it will be sung this year on nearly every continent. Certainly Europe, Australia, and America will rejoice with the resounding song. The music of Walworth set the miracle to work, even as the music of Sir H. Wallford Davies has helped to immortalize Phillips Brooks' "O Little Town of Bethlehem."



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WE WISH YOU EVEN MORE THAN WE WISH FOR OURSELVES THIS CHRISTMAS



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General Merchants  
BELLEVUE and PASSBURG



WE EXTEND TO THE PEOPLE OF THE CROWS' NEST PASS OUR CORDIAL WISHES FOR THEIR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS THIS CHRISTMAS AND THROUGHOUT THE COMING YEAR

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MAY THE CANDLES THAT TWINKLE THIS CHRISTMAS NIGHT BE BEACONS OF JOY TO YOU THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON



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SHUT YOUR EYES — AND WISH! WHAT YOU WISH FOR YOURSELF, WE WISH FOR YOU, TOO

## W. L. EVANS

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BLAIRMORE and COLEMAN

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## THE REX CAFE

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THE BEST WE CAN WISH FOR IS THAT, UNTIL WE WISH AGAIN, WE REMAIN AS GOOD FRIENDS AS WE HAVE BEEN IN THE PAST

## L.B.K. STORE

A. Carswell

LUNDBRECK ALBERTA



# THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE

THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE CHRISTMAS NUMBER, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1927

## A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By REV. FATHER DONOVAN, Bellevue, Alberta



**G**OD, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days, hath spoken to us by His son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things and by whom He made the world.—Heb. i.

Dear friends, in the course of ages the Eternal Father revealed Himself in many ways to His beloved human creatures. He communicated with favored individuals and with His chosen people by special messengers. In some cases these messengers were angels of the heavenly hosts, but in most cases they were men called prophets as being the most suitable to deal with men in the things that appertain to God.

But finally the culmination of God's intercourse with men was to appear. He was to make a supreme effort to reveal Himself to mankind. He was to establish the closest possible relations between His human creatures and Himself. To accomplish this He put aside the prophets. He passed up even the service of His angels. He spoke to us in these latter days by His Son. From eternity He appointed that Son heir of all things. By Him He made the world. In Him He placed the figure of His substance, and brightness of His glory, and sent Him into this world to live among, to instruct, and to redeem mankind. And we are gathered together, at this midnight hour, in this humble temple of God, and before His altar, to celebrate once again in our lifetime, the blessed anniversary of the birth of that Son of God into the world.

It is our privilege to be among those to whom God has spoken by His Son. For we appear on the stage of life in the era called Christian. It is so called because it saw and heard the Son of God made Man, and because it still is taught by Him through His gospels and through the living voice of His church. By study of the ways of God's revelation we can better appreciate the gift of Christian Faith, and the meaning of the event that we are celebrating this night, i.e. the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem.

The author of any story reveals himself in his own handiwork. The worker impresses his own character on the product of his hands or intelligence. That is why it is so hard to deceive with faked copies of artistic masterpieces. It could not be otherwise with the great fabric of the world. In its every feature from a falling leaf to a swirling universe, it bears the impress of the power and intelligence of its creator. This is poetically said in the Bible "The heavens show forth the glory of God and the firmament declares the work of his hands."

Still for mankind in general the knowledge of God that they can gain from the world is not sufficient to satisfy God's desire to be known and to be loved by His creatures. It is true that to the keen minds and understanding hearts of many of the world's sages, the existence and attributes of God were comprehensible. An Aristotle or a Socrates could brush aside the veil of pagan myth and stupid speculation, and arrive at a general knowledge of God and of the immortality of the soul of man. They could know by inference their duty to cultivate virtue and to avoid what, by their common sense, they knew to be sin. But even these supermen confessed that with the unaided light of reason, man could not know his full duty to God, still less perform what he did know of it. They admitted that God must Himself come and teach mankind. If unaided reason was insufficient as a mode of revelation for those of highest intellect, it is still less suited to the needs of the general run of men. It is true that the common sense, or intuition of even the lowest tribes on earth convinces them of a creator of the world. That is why there are many lands and peoples without senates of science or commerce, but none without some form of worship of God.

There are obstacles also in human nature itself to the full development of the revelation of reason. It is painful to most minds to concentrate on a train of speculative thought. Laziness of mind is more common than laziness of body. Thoughtlessness and indifference are traits of the crowd even where their worldly interests are concerned. Specialists are hired and well paid to do the disagreeable work of thinking. Obtuseness or low intelligence is another obstacle. Monopoly of the mind on the concerns of daily life is another obstacle to the study and knowledge of God.

Conscious guilt can repel the mind from preoccupation with the thought of God. Every normal mind knows right from wrong, virtue from vice at least in their broad outlines. They see the better things and approve of them, and like Ovid of old



Rome, they do the worse or unlawful. The criminal does not like to think of law and judges, of accountability and punishment. He would disbelieve in them altogether if he could. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, cannot be handled in a way to suit human nature when a man believes in and fears God. Is it to be wondered at then that guilt in the soul is a barrier between the mind of man and the thought of God?

It happens, too, that scientists or students of nature fail to find God, while occupied with the very studies that should lead them to believe and to adore. There are varied causes which produce this type of mind. Unreasoning pride will cast aside the thought and experience of ages, especially if they bear on moral and religious science. Moral truths and duties and interests have ever been a battleground on which the passions of men have met in ferocious combat. These things represent the great issue of life; and so no wonder they have been hotly contested. Prejudice, even hate and intolerance from these contests have pervaded life and literature. They develop complexes in thought that fight even against God. Thus some fall short of Faith because of inherited dislike for men and institutions that teach His name.

Novelty and reputation are also allurements to an atheistic outlook on life. Faith and piety are common places. To attack them is novel. It gives a chance to pretend to superior knowledge. It attracts the curiosity of the crowd. But fame is not so easy to attain now as it formerly was by attacks on mankind's untaught knowledge of God.

How strange it seems to see science enlisted in the warfare against God. It is like liberty invoked to justify murder. Perverted liberty was what Madame Roland had in mind, when in the shadow of the guillotine, she said "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name." Science is equally perverted. For how could a more complete knowledge of nature's laws and processes logically lead away from the Author of nature? Still they take away from God His wisdom and power and transfer them to laws of nature. But natural laws are not beings. They are not agents. They are merely the way that beings or agents act or operate. If those demit elements of nature work out wise and intelligent designs we must look for an intelligent author of their activity. Wisdom means the comprehension of things, it means their arrangement for a purpose, it means the alignment of a series of causes to work out foreseen results. Science finds myriads of such designs in nature. Therefore, if unperturbed by the passion of man, science looks up to the all-wise God as the author of all.

"All nature is but art unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction that thou canst not see,  
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is and God the soul."

We are living in a time when those studies that have to do with the origin of life and the origin of the species of living things have been perverted to talk against God. If a scheme of changes in the forms of living things can be made to show a derivation of the more complex from the simpler it is thought to put God out of the economy of creation. But derivative creation or evolution is an old doctrine.

Great names among the masters in the science of God believed in it. But if nature acts as a transformer to step up low currents of life to higher voltage, this theory, if finally proven to be true, helped rather than hindered the faith of such men as Thomas Aquinas and St. Augustine. And rightly so. For their reason told them that the more far-reaching and complex the effects, the more wisdom and power is shown to exist in the cause. If a single vegetable or animal cell is the source of all the wondrous flora and fauna of the world, how wonderful and wise the creator of such a cell must be? Even in such a case all the life and all the elements of the material world would remain what they are—contingent beings that must be traced back to that eternal and necessary being who is God.

The better minded of the evolutionists, understood that. It is a matter of experiment that matter of itself alone cannot produce life. If the elements are once sterilized, and life, excluded, they remain sterile forever. Such facts led Professor Wallace, an associate of Charles Darwin, to say that there are three stages in life when the action of a new power was manifest, viz: in the production of the first vegetable cell; secondly, in the advent of sensitive or animal life; thirdly, in the advent of the intellectual life of man.

We should find no great difficulty if some forms in the animal world, in bodily structure, approach the form of man. Since they live in the same world with ourselves, how could it be otherwise? They have to breathe the same air, eat the same food, live the same animal life as the rational animal—man. What wonder then if some of them should possess a bodily structure analogous to our own? The fact that they approach man so near in body, and remain immeasurably removed from him in mind, only goes to show how the immortal soul or life-principle in man surpasses the perishable life-principle in the brute.

"How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!  
How complicated! how wonderful is man!  
How passing wonder, He who made him such?  
Who centered in our make such strange extremes."

Erroneous deductions on the origin of life and of man naturally lead to errors about the nature and attributes of God. The Divine Being is confounded with the world itself, as in the teaching of the pantheists. His divine power and wisdom are stripped from Him and made prerogatives of the lowly carbon atom. Ernst Haeckel was author of a system as monstrous as that. He made the carbon atom the source and fountainhead of all manifestations of life on earth. In short "they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things . . . who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever." The abstractive knowledge of God to be had from creation being so subject to error, God at sundry times and in divers manners spoke to the fathers by the prophets, until finally He communicated with the world through His Son.

These prophets are a wonderful succession of men extending across two thousand years of the history of God's chosen people. Seers or prophets

in Jewish history were not exclusively men with supernatural insight into the future and hence able to foretell far distant events. They were also men selected by God to receive and to give to others knowledge of the Divine will and purposes. They were the mouth-pieces of the God of Israel, and their prophecies were Divine messages.

The office and mission of the prophets touched at times the political and material life of the Jewish nation. But their chief object was the moral and religious well-being of the people. The prophets' exalted mission was to declare God's will, to pronounce His judgments, to defend truth and innocence, to keep alive intercourse between God and His people, to keep Israel's religion moral and spiritual, to oppose idolatry and to enforce the Divine law, so that the Jewish nation might be prepared for the coming of the Messiah who was the promise and the end of the law.

Numberless occasions there are to develop at length the content of the message that the Son of God gave to the world. Numerous feasts there are in the course of the year to celebrate events in the life of Jesus, and His redemption of mankind. But,

"This is the month  
And this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of  
Heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded maid  
And Virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption  
From above did bring."

So let us confine our attention to the divine nativity. God could have made it after what fashion He wished. He chose to make it a feast of love. He holds together His physical universe by the bonds of mutual attraction or gravitation. He draws to Himself and holds together His spiritual universe of human hearts by the bonds of that great power called love.

So you find the Divine Dramatist setting the stage of the world and arranging it for the entrance of His Son. Would that necessary element of human appeal be left out? Would pathos and sublimity be wanting? Would surprise and contrast not be there? Couldn't He put in it a love interest to vibrate human hearts till the end of time? Would heaven participate in this nuptial feast of two worlds?

Assuredly all these things would be in the drama of Bethlehem, for who so dramatic, so tender, so sublime, so surprising, so pathetic, so appealing, so powerful, so wise, so condescending, even on occasion so ironic, so capable of sarcasm as the Great Author of life Himself?

Where are the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the house of gold, the luxuries and comforts of this life? O Dramatic God! You let Nero and his like have those things. Jesus, Thy Son by His Divinity and descendant of King David by His humanity, was born under the chill bright skies of Chaldea, in the shepherd's cave at Bethlehem.

Human appeal!

"When Mary, the mother,  
Felt faint hands  
Beat at her bosom  
With life's demands,  
There did the day  
Of the simple kin  
And unregarded folk begin."

Surprise and contrast! How the little homeless stranger of Bethlehem had been hailed in prophecy! O Wisdom coming from the mouth of the Most High! O Magnificent One, leader of the House of Israel! O Root of Jesse! O Key of David and scepter in Israel! O morning star, and splendor of light eternal! O King and desired of nations! O Emmanuel, lawgiver and saviour! Could this be He, slumbering beside His little mother in the manger? Yes, for He humbled Himself for our sakes.

Was there ever a more pathetic episode than that night when gentle Mary, the mother of God's own Son, went about in pain and distress, from door to door, meekly seeking shelter for herself because the Child that was to be born of her? And God allowed it that she should have been refused and turned away from every door in that very hometown of her tribe and family. Stony-hearted humans would not let them in, so shelter had to be found among the docile animals in their cavern.

For sublimity, has language ever recorded nobler description than that of the celestial messengers announcing Christ's birth. "And there was in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, (Continued on next page.)



A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE—  
BY REV. FATHER DONOVAN

(Continued from front page)

that shall be to all the people: for, this day, is born to you a saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good-will."

How irony of fate, or rather irony of God's providence played in that drama of the Nativity! Augustus, the Emperor of Rome's world-wide dominion, was not invited to greet the son of the King of Kings! Rome, that knew everything that happened in the world, didn't even hear of the birth of the saviour promised since the fall of mankind! Augustus was building in Rome and throughout the Empire, temples for the worship of Rome's false god. The Divine babe, to whose worship these temples would be converted, was even then born among Rome's lowliest subjects. Herod, King of Judaea, was not on the list of God's invited guests. None of the great or distinguished of the world were invited. But the shepherds of the district, good men and true, were invited by angels sent from the courts of the Most High!

So God chose these ways for the beginning of the revelation that He made through His Son. If we stand in spirit around the cave of Bethlehem, and let our gaze rest gently on the Infant Saviour, can we not sense something of God's boundless love? Can we not the better understand that He is a loving father, since He sent His Son among us as one of the lowliest of ourselves? We can understand, too, something of God's gentleness. Nothing is too weak for the Almighty to use for the purpose of alluring His creatures' love. In fact, He tells us that he deliberately chose the weak things of the world in order to work out His designs. So the baby Christ starts from the time of His birth to draw all things to Himself. We can understand the power of the infancy of Jesus. For it sometimes happens that mutual love of parents becomes cold and dead. It sometimes happens that their hearts become estranged and repelling. And then the baby hands of a child that God has given them are the only power in earth that can draw together the broken fragments of what once was love and home. It is the same as between our Heavenly Father and ourselves. The tiny hands of the Child Jesus tug at the heart-strings of men to draw them back to the Divine heart and to their eternal home.

## BLAIRMORE CURLING CLUB

Following is the draws for week of December 23 to 29, inclusive—

Friday, Dec. 23—All ice reserved for postponed or pick-up games.

Tuesday, Dec. 27, 7 p.m.—No. 1 ice, Congdon vs Mackenzie, Upton Cup; No. 2 ice, reserved for postponed games; No. 3 ice, Hnatyshyn vs Sangster, semi-final Morgan Cup. 9 p.m.—No. 1 ice, McDougall vs Passmore, Upton Cup; No. 2 ice, reserved for postponed games; No. 3 ice Rhynas vs Wilson, Upton Cup.

Wednesday, Dec. 28, 7 p.m.—No. 1 ice, Morgan vs Carmichael, Upton Cup; No. 2 ice, reserved for postponed games; No. 3 ice, Farmer vs Rhynas, semi-final Morgan Cup. 9 p.m.—No. 1 ice, Sangster vs Kerr, Upton Cup; No. 2 ice, reserved for postponed games; No. 3 ice, Hnatyshyn vs Chappell, Upton Cup.

Thursday, Dec. 29, 7 p.m.—Sangster or Hnatyshyn vs Farmer or Rhynas, Morgan Cup section final. 9 p.m.—B.P.O.E. Annual Dance—the event of the season, bigger and better than ever.

Dr. J. Olivier was a business visitor to Calgary this week.

## CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

DEAR PARISHIONERS—

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring:  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work as a perpetual peace.

So wrote one of our great English authors some three hundred years ago. And it does seem to sum up what we ought all to feel at this time of year as the Festival of Christmas again approaches.

No other Festival is so wide spread or so entwined in the hearts of all nations. It was about the fourth century that it was first fixed on the 25th of the month, and from that time as the numbers of Christian people have increased, so has this festival increased. It has so entwined itself in the hearts of the Anglo-Saxon peoples especially, that we surely never tire of reading the old story of "The Babe in the Manger." Again, who has not read Dickens' "Christmas Carol," or the changing of the heart of Scrooge. We have laughed with glee at the adventures of Pickwick and his friends at the Dingley Dell Farm during the same Christmas season. From the Bible down through all our literature we are reminded what the Christmas Spirit is and should be. May, all the hearts in our town and community be full of "That light born on that far off Christmas Day, that light that grows, and will grow ever brighter as the stars revolve and the ages go by."

Wishing you all the best that Christmas can bring.

Yours very sincerely,

(REV.) A. D. CURRIE.

## Get Off The Beaten Path, Mr. Man!

ACCORDING to figures compiled by statistical experts, gleaned from the records of the last ten years, the average Christmas gift costs about five dollars; to be exact, four dollars and forty-five cents.

She amount arrived at is meant to cover both sexes; and therein lies a fallacy. Because by our own observation, it would work out in this way: Given \$8.90 to be spent by one man and one woman for gifts for each other, the man would probably spend \$5.00, and the woman \$3.90.

Not because men are more generous, but because women are better shoppers.

Somehow, the poor benighted male is utterly at a loss as to what to give, or what to spend. The customary procedure for him is to wander into a store, furtively sneak around trying not to get into the way of active females, until he is corralled by someone with an instinctive love for helpless beasts and beings.

A few routine questions, and soon Mr. gift-giver finds himself minus \$5 and plus a pink kimono, size 36—and we can picture his blank expression when the recipient informs him that she hates pink, and that she hasn't been able to get into a size 36 in the past eight years.

We shudder to think of the number of divorces and murders that have had their foundation in just such a way. Possibly we can avoid some domestic strife by a few timely hints to both parties.

Pay attention, Mr. Gift-giver! When you start casting about for a hint as to what the wife wants, she will probably suggest a set of portieres for the parlor, or maybe an aluminum kitchen set.

Don't believe her. She has her heart set on some very frilly, very sheer crepe de chene lingerie; or maybe a tiny vial of Guerlain's perfume. When you're buying a gift for her, make it her's alone.

If you want to get off the beaten path, try cut steel buckles for her black patent leather slippers. Or gloves, for day and evening wear. Initialed handkerchiefs and vanity cases have been known to rival silk hosiery and jewel boxes for favor.

And, well up on the lists, come in-

destructible pearl necklaces, silk umbrellas, antelope handbags, writing sets, silk negligees with mules to match, overnight bags and sweaters.

As for you, Mrs. Gift-giver—or Miss Gift-giver—there is practically no problem at all. Give him a tie; the coloring doesn't matter. If you know how to say "Oh, I think you look very well in green"—or blue or brown, as your choice may be—he will cherish your gift as though it had been a ticket to the next Dempsey-Tunney fight.

## SMALL PEOPLE, SMALL WORLD

There's only one trouble with this custom of giving gifts at Christmas, and that is—this custom of giving gifts at Christmas.

So far as Dad can figure out, the whole thing was planned by a couple of mother-in-laws.

My Joe looked handsome, all laid out.

His brother sent out a card bearing "Best Christmas Wishes for 1927, 1928, 1929 and 1930."

Tight? That whole family squeaks when one bends.

They make the kids hang socks on the chimney, Christmas Eve; they hold so much less than stockings.

Their second cousins tell the kids there ain't no Santa Claus, so they won't expect gifts.

Well, it's a small world after all; and it takes a lot of small people to fill it.

Merry Christmas!—and a Happy New Year to each customer, without extra charge.

The building in Toronto which was formerly the head office of the now defunct Home Bank of Canada, has been purchased for \$363,000 by a stock-broking concern from S. W. Strauss & Co., of New York, who held mortgages on several of the bank properties.

## GREETINGS!

WE WISH TO THANK OUR CUSTOMERS IN THE CROWS' NEST PASS FOR PATRONAGE DURING THE PAST YEAR, AND TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WISHING ONE AND ALL A

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A

PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

## Plunkett &amp; Savage (Lethbridge) Limited

Wholesale Dealers in All Kinds of  
Home and Foreign Fruits, Tobaccos, Confections, Etc.  
Blairmore Branch, Robt. Gray, Manager

WISHING THE PEOPLE OF THE CROWS' NEST PASS A

Good Christmas

AND A

Happy and Prosperous New Year

## COLEMAN GARAGE, Limited

FORD DEALERS for the CROWS' NEST PASS

COLEMAN : : : : : ALBERTA

THERE ARE NO DEGREES OF FRIENDSHIP —

TO OUR BUSINESS FRIENDS AS WELL AS OUR SOCIAL

FRIENDS WE EXTEND THE

## Compliments of the Christmas Season

## Crows' Nest Pass Motors

Dealers in

CHEVROLET and STUDEBAKER CARS

BLAIRMORE : : : : : ALBERTA

MORE PLEASANT THAN AUGHT ELSE, IS THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WE MAY COUNT ON YOUR FRIENDSHIP IN THE FUTURE, AS IN THE PAST

## A Merry Christmas

## LUNDBRECK TRADING COMPANY

A. M. Densmore

LUNDBRECK : : : : : ALBERTA





**M**AY the Christmas Season come to us all like a treasure galleon of yore—overflowing with its cargo of happiness and good fortune.

## GREENHILL HOTEL

C. B. Barrell, Manager

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA



**T**O OUR FRIENDS of long standing—Greetings. To our new acquaintances—Greetings! And to those we have yet to meet and know—Greetings!

## CANADIAN LEGION

of the

**British Empire Service League**  
Blairmore No. 7



**I**F CHRISTMAS finds you happy and leaves you glad—then will the Yuletide Season have fulfilled our ardent desire.

## COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL

Mahoney & Johansen, Props.

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

## P. Chardon Cafe

### CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

Plate 80c

Potages  
Creamed Oysters  
Consomme a la Royal  
**POISSONS**  
Fried Smoked Trout (Citronne)  
**ENTRIES**  
Asparagus Tips on Toast Combination Salad  
Boiled New York Super-Cured Ham, Champagne Sauce  
**ROTTIS**  
Braised Chicken, Sauce Aux Champignons  
Bird of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding  
Leg of Pork, Snow Apple Sauce Leg of Veal, and Jelly  
Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce  
**ENTREMENTS**  
Boiled or Mashed Potatoes Choux Fleurs a la Creme  
**DESSERT**  
Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce  
Christmas Cake Hot Mince Pie  
Fresh Raspberries Fruits and Nuts

We Wish You All a Very Merry Christmas

## A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By REV. J. W. SMITH

TO THE CITIZENS OF BLAIRMORE, GREETING.

**V**ERY willingly and very gladly do I take up my pen, at the invitation of "The Blairmore Enterprise," to bring to you a Christmas Greeting and a Christmas Message.

At once one is faced with the difficulty of choosing the particular message that shall be brought at this time; for the Christmas Message is a great body of truth, having its origin and foundation in a great central fact, from which it reaches out and touches life at every point and in every phase.

For this reason, one comes to be more and more convinced, that unless the secret of retaining and living in the Spirit of Christmas throughout the year is discovered, that somehow the real meaning of Christmas has been misused altogether. Certain it is, that no spasm of forgiveness or of kindness and generosity at the Christmas Season that does not find its counterpart in all life relations during the rest of the year, however erstwhile and praiseworthy it may be in itself, is not of the true Spirit of Christmas. At best it is but a poor caricature of the real thing.

Whatever else Christmas may be, it is a demonstration of unchanging and invariableness of the love and mercy of God. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." It represents a love bounded by no limits in its self-sacrifice. Therefore, the Church universal can and does offer to all mankind a redemptive life and hope, that "whosoever will" may make their own.

Nor can one contemplate the Christmas Message from this point of view without realizing the great unity of all Christian people, no matter by what name they call themselves, or to what group of the Christian family they give their allegiance. Whatever may be their differences, and they do differ about many things, they all meet at the Manger in Bethlehem to do homage to the Child Jesus, who is the Christ, the bringer of glad tidings to all alike. The homage of the world is symbolized in the coming of the simple hearted Shepherds from the sheepfolds of Judaea, and of the Wise Men, from the East, that place of fabulous learning and wisdom, as it was believed in those days. The Manger is one place, not the only one, for Calvary is another, where rich and poor, great and small, learned and unlearned, young and old, where the innocent child and the sin-laden heart may come and offer a homage that will not be spurned if only it be sincere.

Nor is this to be wondered at, when one reflects that Christmas commemorates the birth of the greatest actual and conceivable redemptive life force. Other systems and religions have had their great men and noble and noteworthy prophets. The world is a better world today because men like Akmalon, Zarathushtra, Buddha and others lived. Their noble lives, courageous fidelity to the truth as they saw it, and their lofty teaching have contributed very much to the character and thought of peoples within the sphere of their influence. The better one understands the great contribution such men have made, the more clearly does one understand the transcendent character both of Jesus and of His work. As a redemptive life force operating in the lives of men, Jesus Christ stands alone and as the mid-day sun, obscures the evening stars.

This Child of Bethlehem has brought the Living God into the lives of men, not as a theological conception only, but as a life-giving, life-controlling, life-transforming force. That power of the Living God mediated through Jesus Christ, takes the broken spirit, the crushed soul, the outcast of society, and transforms them into strong, courageous, worthy souls, whose life is a blessing to all.

Such then, is the Christmas Message I would bring. We celebrate not an annual holiday in the sense that the New Year is. We think not, primarily, of the birth of the child who lived and died two thousand years ago, but of the way that child has mediated God to men and of the redemptive life force His coming brought. For this reason let us not only soften our hearts and permit generous impulses to find full expression this Christmas time, but also let us seek to retain that spirit throughout the coming year.

**MAY THE SENTIMENTS THAT RULE  
YULETIDE MOVE US IN OUR RELATIONS  
WITH EACH OTHER THROUGH  
THE NEW YEAR. GOOD CHEER.**

### JOHNSON & COUSENS

General Merchants  
Phone 12c

BELLEVUE

ALBERTA

WE WISH EVERYONE A  
Merry Christmas  
AND A  
Happy New Year

AND INVITE YOU TO CALL IN AND INSPECT OUR  
Christmas Specials in Poultry, Meats, etc.

**HENRY ZAK**

UNION MEAT MARKET  
Blairmore, Alberta

SUCCESS MEAT MARKET  
Bellevue, Alberta

WISHING ONE AND ALL  
THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON



**K. G. CRAIG, LL.B.**

Barriater - Solicitor - Notary  
Phone 167

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA



IN ALMOST TWO THOUSAND YEARS,  
NOBODY HAS FOUND A SIMPLER,  
MORE SINCERE WAY OF GREETING,  
THAN BY SAYING, "MERRY CHRISTMAS."  
WE MUST RELY UPON THE  
OLD FORM.

**J. E. UPTON**

Tailor to the People of the Crows' Nest Pass.

BLAIRMORE

Phone 85

ALBERTA

OUR EARNEST WISH IS THAT YOU  
MAY HAVE THIS YULETIDE SEASON,  
ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE WISHED  
FOR, THAT ARE GOOD FOR YOU



**HYSLOP'S**

Ladies' Wear

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA



MAY FORTUNE SMILE UPON YOU  
THROUGH YOUR REMAINING YEARS  
—THIS IS OUR CHRISTMAS WISH FOR  
YOU ALL

**S. TRONO**

Watchmaker and Jeweler

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

WE WISH ALL OUR FRIENDS  
AND PATRONS  
A HEARTY "MERRY CHRISTMAS"  
AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR



### THE BLAIRMORE BARBERS

ALF. LINK, Alberta Hotel  
HARTLEY UPHAM, Mimers' Hall Corner  
TIM MURPHY, Cosmopolitan Hotel



WHATEVER WISH YOU WISH FOR  
YOURSELF THIS CHRISTMAS — WE  
WISH YOU DOUBLE!

May the Holiday Season find you  
Prosperous, Healthy and Happy

### CROWS' NEST FLOUR & FEED STORE

Martin Kubik, Prop.

BLAIRMORE

Phone 75

ALBERTA

EACH DAY REMINDS US THAT TO  
YOU BELONG THE THANKS FOR OUR  
MERRY CHRISTMAS  
ACCEPT OUR BEST WISHES



**D. OLIVER**

Draying

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA

WITH SINCERE APPRECIATION WE LOOK BACK  
OVER ANOTHER YEAR OF FRIENDLY PATRONAGE  
FROM THE PEOPLE OF THE CROWS' NEST PASS AND  
WISH EVERY ONE OF YOU

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

**G. K. SIRETT**

Painter and Decorator

BELLEVUE

Phone 16c

ALBERTA



## In Them Days---When Knights Came Bearing Gifts!

THIS all happened many, many ages ago; before the era of Ford and traffic cops. When women were as old as women wanted them to feel.

Now, in every well-regulated paleolithic community, there was always a huge ferocious male who headed the tribe; he was known as the Old Man. And, amid his many wives, he always had a favorite who had been the daughter of a rival chieftain. And she always begot a daughter whose beauty and grace were the talk of the land. All this had to be, otherwise there would be no story.

Now, the Old Man's name was Mumbo the Terrible. And his favorite wife, in his intimate moments, he called "Hey, You!" And the daughter was known to all and sundry as Pyorrhea--because 4 out of 5 wanted her.

Pyorrhea's hand--both of them, in fact--were sought after by several suitors. In the order of their appearance, there was Jumbo the Cock-eyed. He was one of Pyorrhea's numerous step-brothers; but in those days they weren't so strict; and anyway, in actual relationship, Pyo and Jumbo were about forty-three steps removed. Pyo rather liked Jumbo, but could never learn to trust him; with another woman present, Pyo could never tell which of them Jumbo was looking at. So she told Jumbo she could never be more than a sister to him. Then came Rumbo the Tin-Eared. He kept a gymnasium where he reduced the figures and bankrolls of all the very rich business men who read Lionel Strongfort's ads and believed them. In the old days, Rumbo used to be a pork-and-beaner; never got beyond the preliminaries, until he fought Squeegy the Squasher; that time, he almost got to the gates of the netherland heaven. At first, Pyo was quite flustered by the attentions of Rumbo; his manner of wooing, as

demonstrated by the ardent way in which he caressed her--bean with a war club, almost swept her off her feet.

Came Christmas, as the movies say, and Pyo was beset by the biggest problem in her life. Mumbo the Terrible had issued a decree that whosoever should bestow upon his daughter the most unusual gift in the world--that man should sit at Mumbo's right hand during the Christmas feast; and that man should have Pyorrhea.

Oh, how the gallant swains flocked to the contest! From far-off Diphtheria to still farther, Inertia; from uncharted realms and from Mumbo's own village--each tribe sent a hopeful suitor. Such clashing of cymbals, such sow of wealth! Such glitter of jewels, such sheen of tiger-skins!

After declaring the rules of the contest, he motioned the timekeeper to sound the gong, and left the ring. Immediately started the procession of gift-bearing suitors. As they came before Pyo, one by one, they held forth their gifts. Each extolled the virtues of his token, reciting the travails he had undergone to secure it. To each, Pyo listened; to each, she said, "No." As a reward for losing their heads--for such was the penalty incurred by the losers--each was permitted to kiss her hand. (Author's note: After decapitation, the bodies were stripped of their robes and jewels, which Mumbo kept. Tex had overlooked this item in drawing up the contract with Mumbo; something that his descendant would have spotted immediately).

The sun hung low in the heavens already, and Pyo was growing tired of saying "No." And her hand hurt from the cramping of so many whiskers upon it. And still no gift appealed to her.

And then, lo and behold! Footsteps were heard to clatter along the road; and a breathless rider threw

himself from the back of his spent jassack, before Pyo. He prostrated himself before her; and when he raised her face to meet her glances, a thrill such as she had never known passed through Pyo's body.

So softly that even the referee had difficulty in hearing her, Pyo whispered, "Yes!" The stands shook with the acclaim of the multitudes. The dinosaur and the minosaur raised their heads in startled wonderment, and then fled into the thicknesses of the jungles.

Terrible was the wrath of Mumbo to behold, as he rose in his might and demanded, "Pyo, didst see the gift?"

"Of course, Dad!" she answered. "Where, then, is it?"

"In Rudolf's languid glance, Dad." "I call the gods to witness that I have a crazy loon for a daughter! What manner of gift couldst thou have seen in this man's eyes?"

"Well, Dad," said Pyorrhea in her dulcet tones that were likened to the billing of doves. "It's really hard to explain to somebody else. But the second I looked into his eyes I realized that Rudolf has--IT!"

Misses Baird and Fisher returned from Calgary yesterday to spend the Christmas season in Blairmore.

The representative of R. H. Williams Co., Calgary, will display the latest styles in Ladies' Coats and Dresses at the store of F. M. Thompson Co. on December 28th and 29th.

The Bellevue Local of the Alberta Teachers' Alliance entertained the teachers of Hillcrest Local last Saturday evening at skating, followed by dancing. Miss Gertrude May and Miss Erma McDonald supplied music. During the intermission, Mr. Hadwell sang a few of his favorite songs, accompanied by Miss Hazel McDonald at the piano.



WE wish you a Merry Christmas, Right Heartily. Lots of friends to give you greeting. A day filled with blessings.

HILLCREST COLLIERIES, LIMITED  
HILLCREST, ALBERTA



To the People of the  
Crows' Nest Pass and  
district we extend the  
Most Cordial  
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS  
and Best Wishes for a  
Prosperous New Year

West Canadian Collieries, Limited

BLAIRMORE : : : : : ALBERTA

### Catch the True Spirit of Christmas---

#### Do Your Share in Making Happy

By EMMA FLO WILSON

"A good cheer, For Christmas comes, but once a year."

These lines were written four hundred years ago, by an almost forgotten poet, Thomas Tusser.

And can't you picture the Christmas celebration of his day--the enormous Yule-log brought into the great hall from the forest to add warmth and light, the wreaths of holly and mistletoe, Christmas candles alight, minstrel singers, merrily feasting at the rough banquet table! And without the glorious spirit of good fellowship and the sacred interpretation put upon the words, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!"

That spirit is no less in evidence today--and the Christmas star, is still one of joy and love!

Once a year comes the opportunity to each person to be born anew. No matter how weary, how self-centered, how narrow, how shrivelled or how engrossed we have come in the twelve months' pursuit of money, glory or success, the chance comes at Christmas for all of us to become new men and women.

Selfish gain may dominate on lives for eleven months and two weeks, but for the fortnight before Christmas at least unselfish love should be the triumphant note.

The King of the Christmas season is the child.

How much happier we all would be if we could grasp his carefree spirit and give of our love as unstintingly!

The child puts his heart into Christmas and therefore he takes a heart full of love with him when the day is done.

Christmas is the time to remember all the big and little kindnesses which have been bestowed upon us through-

out the entire year, and however you remember it--whether with an expensive Christmas present or with a greeting card--remember it with love. With this in mind your gifts will not be coerced by any desire for display or to receive something in return, and it will be far better to send the simple Christmas greeting than a showy gift that lacks the Christmas spirit.

For no matter how much money you spend, you can give no more to your friendship or love with each gift.

The rich, happy beyond their deserts, should not let this day pass without making happier some of those for whom life has been less easy. You need not go far today to find a child with sorrowful, longing eyes, and perhaps an outstretched hand. Don't leave that hand empty.

You will find easily some man or woman, old, cold and poor. Don't pass without putting at least a moment's brightness into the tired faces and faded eyes. The kindness of the individual makes life possible in a world that is hard for so many. Do your share--big or little--give happiness to many if you can--to one or two at least.

And do not forget--all you who will eat, drink and make merry, that Christmas is, after all, Christ's mass, and it does not mean squandering, folly, gluttony--but a holy and beautiful thing!

Then yours will be indeed "A Merry Christmas."

George Handley and sister, of Creston, are guests for a week or so of their grandparents here, Mr. and Mrs. W. Harrison. George was at one time a "Noodles Fagan" with The Enterprise.

#### CHRISTMAS NOTES

Christmas trees are now being celebrated out of doors as well as indoors.

But whether your Christmas tree stands lighted on your lawn or festively under your own roof, it must be decorated for your safety as well as for beauty. It is doubtful whether any single agency has caused more fires than Christmas trees, but there is something so pleasing and satisfactory about them that no one feels like giving them up or opposing their use.

The practice of decorating with candles and lighting these in order to beautify the tree was the main source of danger. Since electric lights have been available--especially in convenient sets for Christmas trees--the danger of fire has been practically eliminated.

It is well to keep in mind when purchasing tree lights that they are made for connection to the house current, or for connection to dry or storage batteries, and the various kinds are wired differently and are not interchangeable.

If candles are used, it would be well to keep a fire extinguisher or a pail of water ready for immediate use in case the tree catches fire.

In his "Art of Simpling," Coles observes: "If one hang mistletoe about the neck the witches can have no power over him." Some lingering superstitions remains in the present day, and in many houses a bunch of mistletoe is suspended from the ceiling, under which the male part of the assembly have the privilege of taking the ladies and saluting them with a kiss.

At the same time they should wish them a Merry Christmas and present them with one of the berries for good luck.

ELKS' Annual Dance at the Blairmore Opera House, Thursday, December 29th.





We take pleasure in extending to the People  
of the Crows' Nest Pass and district

## A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

**CROWS' NEST PASS COAL COMPANY**  
FERNIE, British Columbia

### Tonight By The Fire---Give a Thought

TONIGHT, while you sit at your ease after a hearty dinner; comfortable in the warmth of a cozy home; indolently making up gift lists—

Somewhere, in a squalid hovel, a poverty-stricken family huddles about the dying embers of a feeble fire. On a canvas cot in a dim corner lies the wasted figure of a man; racked by a cough which threatens to snap the thread which miraculously holds him to this world.

Three emaciated tots—the eldest barely five—sit close together in the centre of the room; teeth chattering from the bitter cold; the whimpering of the tiniest rising above the rasping breathing of their father.

In the flickering light cast by the embers, they sit; gnawed by the insatiable hunger born of subsistence on bread crusts and weak tea; waiting for mother to return.

Mother, whose back is bent, whose hands are calloused from durgery. Sometimes, as she works, the polished floors remind her of other floors that were her pride; it seemed years ago, when Allen was considered by many the coming young lawyer of the town.

And Allen had led his beautiful bride to the little red-and-white cottage that was to be their home. The eager light in her eyes was reflected in Allen's as, together, they planned for the future.

Poor Allen! How roddy, how robust he looked that Christmas morning as he tugged at the sled, with the three children squealing with delight. That afternoon he complained of a sharp pain in the back when he breathed; and in the evening the doctor said, "Pneumonia."

The month-long fight for life; the inadequate savings eaten away by doctor's bills and medicines; and then—tuberculosis.

Life had certainly brought to her

lips the bitter dregs, she thought as she mechanically worked. Only a few years ago, that was; and Christmas would soon be here again; a merry Christmas for others.

Could she scrape together a few pennies to buy the children some trinkets, something to remind them of the sacrifice of the Son of God?

One case—and there are so many thousands more, unknown! The citizens of this town have always responded more than willingly to the pleas of organized charity. Despite all they do, they cannot remove poverty; they can but relieve it. Let us make a more determined effort to seek out the worthy cases, each of us, this year; so that even the inevitable few, who in pride or by other factors, are prevented from appealing to charity, will have cause to rejoice.

#### EVEN TOYLAND GROWS UP!

If Santa Claus had fallen asleep ten years ago, and awoke today, he would be very much amazed at the strides that Toyland has taken.

Gone are the simple toy trains—the horse and wagon sets—the stuffed dolls that so delighted children a decade ago. In their stead, he would find contraptions which are miracles of creative genius.

In place of the tiny locomotive and two miniature cars which depended upon a hand-wound spring to jerk them around the wobbly set of tracks, are sixteen-car strings which thread their way in and out of tunnels, slowing down at crossings, stopping at automatic signal lights—and all this by electricity!

The horse and wagon are replaced by automobile dump carts which are exact duplicates of the huge trucks that rumble down the roads today. Cranes, derricks, excavators—these work with the precision of the 20-ton

originals.

The set of wooden blocks that clattered to the floor has given way to building sets. Today, the imaginative youngster can exercise his building talents through a set with which he can build a miniature skyscraper—elevators and all. The little fellow who loved to tinker with the doorbells has a chance to harness electricity in the steel structures that can be made from another set; running the elevators, lifting and carrying loads.

The simple scooter has given way to motor-driven toy cycles; the latest is a 4-h.p. motorcycle with a side car, in which the young gallant drives his sweetheart to and from school!

And the dolls! Ten years ago, only the wealthiest families boasted "mama" dolls; for the most part, little girls were content with stuffed dolls, or papier mache dolls with eyes that closed when the dolls were placed in a horizontal position—sometimes.

Today, dolls must be dressed in the height of Toyland fashion; the wigs must be made of real hair; and they must walk, talk, cry when spanked, and sleep.

Yes, Santa would be a very astonished person if he woke up from a ten-year slumber, and read over the Christmas lists of today's younger generation!

We understand that Mr. George Linn, who has been a patient at the local hospital since his accident of a couple of weeks ago, is progressing so well that he hopes to be able to return home during Christmas week.

Mr. Chilton, a patient at the local hospital, suffering from pneumonia, is making satisfactory progress. Mr. and Mrs. Chilton were enroute to spend a brief vacation with a daughter in the western States, when Mr. Chilton became ill. Owing to the delay here, they have been obliged to change their plans somewhat; and as soon as Mr. Chilton's condition will permit, the aged couple will return to Clarendon.

## Take a Cruise Through Gift Isles

HAPPY, bustling crowds throng the streets and stores. What is this strange phenomena that has changed tired, cross faces into bright eager ones? What makes the children even more starry-eyed than usual?

What indeed? Don't you know? Can't you guess?

It's Christmas time again—and Santa Claus—that same polly old saint of our childhood days—is waiting at the threshold of "Wonderland" to welcome all his old friends. No wonder the children are happy!

And the spirit is contagious. It would be impossible for any one to remain cross and irritable in this veritable fairy-land of lovely Christmas things. Every store is stocked to capacity with suitable gifts for all. Some are novel and unusual—some are practical and useful—still others are frivolously gay and extravagant—but altogether charming. All the old reliables are on display, too, and this is one year when you will find, with a minimum effort, a gift for everybody on your shopping list—at exactly the price you had planned to pay, whether it be one dollar or one hundred dollars.

Your difficulty will be in elimination rather than in selection, for you will find one gift lovelier than the next.

For the little youngster—to whom Christmas Day rightfully belongs—there are hundreds of ingenious toys. One that seems to particularly appeal to the youthful visitors is a highly-colored mechanical clown that performs acrobatic stunts. Incidentally, if one is to judge from the number of grown-ups crowding around it, this mechanical clown is equally appealing to them. It sells for three dollars. Less expensive toys include bright marbles, kites, tops, boats, roller skates, scooters and sleds, for the boys, and for the girls, there are all sorts of dolls, books, dishes, fur-

ture, etc.

A charming gift that any woman would love is, on the surface, a cigarette lighter—but when the top is lifted, there is a removable lipstick, a bit of dainty rouge, powder, and a mirror. The case may be had in sterling silver, white gold, gold or silver plated, and the various reptilian skins.

An umbrella that the wife, sweetheart, sister or girl friend will be glad to receive is of the short, stubby variety with a beautifully carved dog head for a handle! Other pretty umbrellas have more dignified handles for those of a more serious turn of mind.

For those who like books, you will find a wide range of titles and authors, including the newest fiction, old masters, and old favorites. Nothing makes a more pleasant gift.

A gift that any man will appreciate—first, because it is useful as well as ornamental, secondly, because he has always wanted to own one—is a dressing gown. Blairmore stores have a large selection, in a variety of materials and styles, in gay or subdued colorings, and hubby will not need to pretend to receive it with great rejoicing—his appreciation will be real and his Christmas happiness will be completed.

For the smoker, there are innumerable novel conceptions to warm his heart. And you will find his favorite brand—all ready for wrapping—in a gay Christmas box.

Then, for the more intimate feminine gift, you will find a host of lovely lingerie to delight the heart of both the donor and the recipient. For nothing is so universally acceptable to women!

Many of the stores have arranged their wares—on tables according to price, so if you have decided to spend, say two dollars for a gift—all you need do is locate the table carrying that priced merchandise. There you

will find displayed the best that can be had for the money.

It is a great aid—and a great time-saver—for busy shoppers.

#### THE CYNIC SPEAKS

One holiday passes and another comes—but the indigestion last all week!

The lonely bachelor pities himself that he has no woman to brighten his life at this—the Yuletide Season—and the married man pretends he is happy, while he ponders how he shall settle his wife's charge accounts when it is all over.

Between a pair of silk hose and a diamond vanity case, there is but one safe choice—between a pound of chocolates and a box of orchids but one safe decision—for verily, a little Christmas gift is a dangerous thing.

Let not your tongue slip into false promises and dangerous admission—at this weak-minded season. For every lone bachelor feels sorry for himself; but not every day of married life is Christmas! And the folly of December means walking the plank in June.

Chief Harris, of the Lethbridge city police, has tendered his resignation.

ELKS' Annual Dance at the Blairmore Opera House, Thursday, December 29th.

For the second time this season the Blairmore Seniors were defeated by the provincial championship Juniors in a fast game played at the local arena on Tuesday night. The game was refereed by Mr. A. J. Kelly and the score stood five to four. The Junior champs played an exhibition game at Coleman last night.



## MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Simple, but as sincere as the  
most elaborate wish we  
might conjure up for you.



**Blairmore Iron Works**

BLAIRMORE

ALBERTA



## RELIGION ---- By Dr. Frank Crane

**D**R. ROBERT A. MILLIKAN, world famous scientist, in an address on the subject of Evolution, declared that religion was one of the most striking examples of evolution. This was not in the way of controversy or heresy, but was merely emphasizing what was already taught in every important theological school of importance in the United States.

Scholars have been pointing out that there was a progression of doctrine in the Bible, the God of the Old Testament not having the ideals presented in the new.

There is no doubt but that religion has advanced greatly from the days of Moses until the days of Christ.

Christ Jesus is said to have come "in the fullness of time," that is, he came when the development of mankind and its stage of progress warranted him.

Since his day there has been a great progress made. Formerly, religious denominations were cruel. It was common to have fierce fighting among sects and both Protestants and Catholics were guilty of things of which they would not nowadays be guilty. The idea of God has undergone considerable variations. God may be the same "yesterday, today and forever," but our understanding and apprehension of Him progress.

We have rejected the old tribal gods, the god of wrath and vengeance, and have substituted the god of Love.

As the process of men's minds has broadened, as their understanding and sympathy have deepened their conception of God has improved, and no one can look at the activities of churches today and compare them with those of yesterday and not see that there has been a great advance.

The missionaries in foreign countries are not so much interested in making converts to their beliefs as they are in doing good to the people.

The recent activities of the churches have all been in the line of helping humanity rather than of fighting certain beliefs.

In other words, there has been a definite evolution of religion from merely belief in certain tenets to practical helpfulness of mankind. Religion means nothing more than a

devotion to the general good. Whatever there is of God nowadays is a God who inhabits all of the people and whatever makes for the welfare of all mankind is pleasing to Him.

Religion, like everything else, must be tested by its results. Its triumph is not due to its wanting all people to believe in certain things so much as it is in improving our well being.

Christ—whose birthday we now observe—knew all of this—and to practice "PEACE ON EARTH."

## Recipe for a Happy New Year

**T**AKE twelve fine, full-grown months. See that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberty, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation, and one well-selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sparkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour into the whole love ad libitum and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness,

and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year is a certainty.—H.M.S.

Oh! Clarence

It was Christmas Eve. They snuggled in the sofa before the hearth fire. He had talked himself out without saying anything. She thought him slower than the mail man on Christmas morning.

"Do you notice," he observed "do you notice how the fire reddens?" "Yes," she sighed deeply, "but I'm sure it's not because of anything we've done."

Try This on a Trombone

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgerychyrndrobwellandysilioegogoch is the name of a small town in Wales. Literally translated, it means, "Church of Saint Mary in a hollow of white hazel near a rapid whirlpool and near Saint Tysilio's Church, which is near a red cave."

He—"I want to buy a Christmas present for my wife."

Clerk—"Would something in silk stockings interest you?"

He—"Yes! Very much. But I'd like to see about the present first."

"I note," said the elderly gentleman, on his semi-annual visit to the city, "that the women are wearing two sets of garters, one of which evidently holds up their stockings, while the other pair holds up traffic."—Life



**A**NOTHER Christmas, another Greeting added to the long list of this organization's years--and never before more sincerely.



**INTERNATIONAL COAL & COKE COMPANY**  
**COLEMAN, ALBERTA**

*May Your Hamper  
Be as Full of Good  
Things as Your Best  
Wishes Are*

To the general expressions of Good Will that abound at this Season, we add our Heartiest Good Wishes for the Continued Well Being and Prosperity of all our Friends

**1927 - 1928**

**Big Horn Brewing Co., Ltd.**

Brewers of

**HORN Brand BEER**  
**HORN Brand STOUT**

This Advt. not inserted by the Alberta Liquor Control Board or the Govt. of the Province of Alberta

## Some Christmas History

**"I**T MAY come as a surprise to many people," says Sidney Heath in his book on "The Romance of Symbolism," "even to those who are aware how much is obscure in the early history of our Lord to learn that Christmas was adopted by the church for the birthday of Christ as late as A.D. 400, for up to that period the Fathers were quite uncertain of the exact date of the Holy Advent." S. Chrysostom, writing at the beginning of the fifth century, says (Hom. 31) in reference to the pagan festival of the Sun-God: "On this day also the birthday of Christ was lately fixed at Rome in order that while the heathen were busy with their profane ceremonies the Christians might perform their sacred rites undisturbed."

In all countries where Christianity was propagated are still to be found many customs, manners and popular superstitions which reflect their pagan origin. The change from paganism to Christianity was a slow and steady period of transition. In order to make it as easy as possible, the early Christian missionaries, with rare sagacity, adopted and used many heathen signs, symbols, statues, practices and temples of worship and endeavored to give them a hollower and purer significance by incorporating them into the new religion.

The feasting and revelry attendant on the Christmas season can be attributed to a survival of the Roman Saturnalia (feast of Saturn) which was a festival held in December in celebration of the short days of the Roman Year.

The Christmas gift is supposed to have its origin in ancient Yule celebrations when garlanded maidens went singing from door to door "Vaesael" ("be in health") they cried, extended the Wassail bowls of spiced ale, and received in exchange gifts of beads and ribbons. The Yule log still testifies to the rites of fire-

worship, once connected with the season.

The mistletoe is another survival of the pagan days. It was held in great veneration by the ancient Druids and occupied a place in their religious rites. It also appears in Scandinavian mythology. It belonged to the god of love, and a kiss under it was the emblem of life and love.

He Shook Some

Sam had passed through a harrowing experience. He had seen a ghost. While his audience listened with bulging eyes he related the details of his adventure.

"Ah jes' came cut of de cowshed," he said, "an' Ah had a 'bucket o' milk 'n mah hand. Den Ah hears a noise by de side of de road an' de ghost rushes out."

"Good heavens?" interrupted one of his listeners. "Did yo' shake with fright, Sam?"

"Ah don't know what Ah shook wid. Ah hain't sayin' for suttin' Ah shook at all. But when Ah got home Ah foun' all de milk gone an' two pounds o' butter in de bucket."

A Thrifty Smoker

An Aberdonian entered a railway carriage, stared at the other occupant, and then claimed acquaintance. The other had forgotten him.

"Ah, I mind ye fine!" exclaimed the Aberdonian. "D'ye no' remember that last Christmas ye gied me a fine cigar? Mon, it was a grand yin. Why, even noo ah tak' a draw o' it on the Sawbath."

Last Christmas the boss called us into his sanctum and said: "Well, you certainly worked hard all this year, and don't think I'm not appreciative. Now, here's a check for fifty dollars, and next year, if you work as hard as you did this year, I'll sign it."



May the Good Fortune we wish you this Christmas be with you throughout all time

**PEOPLE'S BAKERY**  
Pete Colombo, Prop.  
BLAIRMORE - ALBERTA



To our many patrons in The Pass we extend our Hearty Wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

**Western Canada  
Wholesale Co., Ltd.**  
FERNIE, B.C.

**Give a NEWSPAPER  
SUBSCRIPTION**





## What Was Your Greatest Thrill?—Great Publisher Tells His

DO YOU WANT to promote the spreading of happiness?

Then here is a suggestion for an early December game—which is most interesting, great fun—and the most remarkable phase of the whole affair is the fact that you—who starts the ball rolling—are the only one who knows that it is a game—with a purpose.

When conversation lags at some early December party or social group gathering, bring up the subject of Christmas. Any little everyday remark about shopping, giving, mailing, etc. Someone naturally will reply in relating his or her experiences, as likely will others in the group.

At the first opportunity, however, the conversation will ease up—and then is your opportunity. Put the question to some one individual—or simply address it generally to the whole group. This:

"Which Christmas in your life, stands out as having brought the greatest thrills?"

There will be many most interesting—and some very amusing recitals—and with it all, you will find, that

the mere telling of these "greatest Christmas thrills" experiences—almost always will bring home the fact that the giving of "big" or "expensive" gifts is not at all necessary in the spreading of human happiness.

The reaction on almost every person present will be to give one or two little additional gifts to the lonely and needy—not planned.

The writer—only last year—tried out the plan as outlined above, the idea having been passed on to him. In the very first discussion came forth a human-interest story, so simple, so appealing, that he himself was moved—"to go out and do something extra in gift giving."

The story came from the lips of a quite well-to-do publisher. A man very successful in life, having for years conducted a very prosperous business—a man who now at Christmas time receives gifts costing hundreds of dollars.

"My greatest thrill came when I was about seven or eight years old," he said as he settled back in a chair, eyes half closed and a very real smile playing around his mouth. "That's been several years ago, about 1870, I guess."

"I never have been ashamed to tell any one that I came from a very poor family, and to me then, when I was just growing old enough to realize how really 'poor' we were, it seemed that our family had absolutely nothing. As I remember now, the holiday season always brought that strange pathetic look to the faces of my good mother and father."

"Well, this Christmas, the small community where we lived was having a Christmas tree at the little church—where all families were to bring all presents for the children, hang them on the tree, and old Santa was to come—in person—take them from the tree, call off the names thereon, and each child was to go forward and receive the gift."

"We went—father, mother, my two sisters and I. I can recall yet sitting on mother's lap, because all the pews were filled; recall my intense excitement as the sleigh bells were heard outside, and in came old Santa, laughing and stamping the snow from his shiny boots."

"Soon he was on the platform by that great beautiful tree and making ready to hand out the presents."

"There was doubt in my mind that he really was going to give presents to every little boy and girl. I could not conceive how possibly I could be included and receive a 'present.' Oh, but I was thrilled, nevertheless, thrilled to the very toes. I remember how mother patted me on the shoulder and whispered, 'wait, wait.'"

"Santa was now into the very midst of calling off names and handing out packages. In my interest at the wonderful toys, oranges, candy and glittering packages being brought back down the aisles by other boys and girls, I lost track of self, and did not realize that my name had not yet been called—that I had received nothing."

"Then it happened. My name—and I was shoved from my mother's lap and found myself marching down the aisle toward that great man, who stood smiling, holding out a package toward me. In the other hand an orange and a bag of candy."

"I took the package, orange and candy and stood dazed, turning the package over and over, because it was wrapped and I could not know what was inside. I was so interested, but with no thought of opening it, that it was necessary for mother to send one of my sisters down to fetch me back."

"In the family seat again, the realization began to dawn upon me that I had received a Christmas present from Santa, and oh, the thrill of it, the happiness, so happy that I did not want to open the package."

"Finally, all members of the family prevailed upon me to unwrap the package. I was so excited that moth-

er had to assist. "It was the most beautiful object I had ever set my eyes upon—even to this day. A little brown tin horse

with black mane and tail, hitched to a little red cart—and wheels that turned. "It was tin, and small, a toy which perhaps sells for 10 cents to-day—little more than—but that toy horse and cart brought the greatest happiness to my life it has ever known."

## After Santa's Visit



CHRISTMAS is a time of secrets,  
So I'll whisper one to you,  
Grandpa says that all who try it,  
Find that every word is true,  
"Would you have a happy day?  
Give some happiness away."

Grandpa says this little secret  
Should be carried through the year,  
And if all would try to heed it,  
Earth would soon be full of cheer,  
"Would you have a happy day?  
Give some happiness away."

—H. A. Lyman

May your  
Christmas Be Happy  
and your  
New Year Prosperous

**J. R. GRESHAM**

INSURANCE  
Phone 131 Blaimore



WE WISH YOU A MERRY, MERRY  
CHRISTMAS, AND EXPRESS OUR  
APPRECIATION OF YOUR PAT-  
RONAGE.

**"TONY" PONDELICEK**

Agent: Dominion of Canada-Guarantee & Accident Insurance Co.  
BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA

IF SANTA BRINGS US NOTHING MORE  
THAN ASSURANCE OF YOUR CON-  
TINUED FRIENDSHIP, OUR CHRIST-  
MAS WILL BE VERY HAPPY INDEED



**KNAPMAN PLUMBING & HEATING CO.**  
BLAIRMORE ALBERTA



We Take This Opportunity of Thanking  
our many Friends and Patrons for Past  
Favors—and Assuring Them of Continued  
Service in the days to come.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL

**YELLOW PENNANT TAXI**

Day and Night ALEX. CAMERON, Prop. Two Closed Cars  
BLAIRMORE Phone 240 ALBERTA

FOR YOUR PAST FAVORS—AND WITH A HOPE FOR  
YOUR CONTINUED FRIENDSHIP—WE PAUSE TO  
SEND FORTH EARNEST GREETINGS AND A WISH  
FOR

A Merry Christmas

**SARTORIS & BIELLI**

BLAIRMORE Draying - Contractors ALBERTA

Wishing All

A Very Merry Christmas

and

A Happy, Prosperous New Year

**E. J. POZZI & SON**

CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF  
WISHING THE PEOPLE OF THE  
CROWS' NEST PASS—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

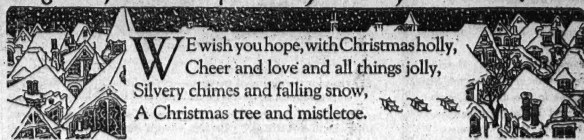


**GRAND UNION HOTEL**

Wm. Bell, Manager

COLEMAN ALBERTA

## Compliments Of The Season



WE wish you hope, with Christmas holly,  
Cheer and love and all things jolly,  
Silvery chimes and falling snow,  
A Christmas tree and mistletoe.

The Business and Professional Men of the Crows' Nest Pass and District join  
Us in our wish — "A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU" — Enterprise Staff.



## THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE.

Office of Publication:  
Blairmore, Alberta.

Subscriptions to all parts of the Dominion, \$2.00 per annum. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.50. Payable in advance.  
Business locals, 15c per line.  
Legal notices, 15c per line for first insertion; 12c per line for each subsequent insertion.  
Display advertising rates on application.

W. J. BARTLETT, PUBLISHER

Blairmore, Alta., Fri., Dec. 24, 1927

## OUR SUPPORTERS, GREETINGS:

Following is a brief resume of those who by their liberal patronage of greeting spaces have made this special edition of The Enterprise possible:

Johnson & Cousen, general merchants, Bellevue.

P. Chardon, restaurant, fruit and confectionery parlor, Blairmore.

P. Colombo, ice cream, fruit and confectionery parlor and bakery, Blairmore.

Western Canada Wholesale Co., Fernie, B.C., wholesale distributors of groceries, fruits, etc.

Yellow Pennant Taxi, up-to-date and reasonable taxi service, day and night, Blairmore.

Knapman Plumbing & Heating Co., plumbers to the district, Blairmore.  
Sattoris & Bielli, general contractors, etc., Blairmore.

Big Horn Brewing Co., Calgary, manufacturers and purveyors of the famous "Horn Beer."

Tea Kettle Inn, Blairmore. Up-to-date dining service.

Blairmore Hardware Co., dealers in general hardware, crockery, furniture, etc. Branch store at Coleman.  
Gillis & Mackenzie, solicitors, etc., established upwards of fifteen years in Blairmore.

Kerr Brothers, general merchants, Bellevue and Passburg.

Lundbreck Trading Co., Lundbreck, A. M. Denmore, proprietor, dealers in general merchandise, farm products, etc.

Blairmore Grocery, John Kubie, proprietor, general groceries and provisions.

Bellevue Hardware & Furniture Store, C. Emmerson, proprietor, dealers in general hardware, etc., new store.

West Canadian Collieries, Limited, Bellevue and Blairmore, miners and shippers of high grade steam and domestic coals.

Blairmore Iron Works, Limited, general foundry and wood working.  
Hillcrest Collieries Limited, Hillcrest, miners of steam and domestic coals.

Crows' Nest Pass Coal Co., Limited, Fernie, B.C. Coal mines developed at Michel and Coal Creek, B.C.  
F. M. Thompson Co., Blairmore, general merchants.

J. A. Kerr, men's, women's and children's wear and dry goods.  
Scott's Grocery, high class groceries, Blairmore.

International Coal & Coke Company, Limited, Coleman, O. E. S. Whiteside, general manager, miners of high-grade coals.

Crows' Nest Pass Motors, L. L. Morgan, proprietor, Blairmore, general repair and storage garages and agency for Chevrolet and Studebaker motors.

Plunkett & Savage (Lethbridge) Limited, Bob Gray, manager of Pass warehouse at Blairmore.

Orpheum Theatre, Blairmore, popular playhouse carrying up-to-the minute pictures.

Coleman Garage, Alex. Morrison proprietor. One of the largest general garages in the district. Agents for Ford and McLaughlin cars.

Grand Union Hotel, Coleman, W. Bell, manager. modern hotel in every particular.

Greenhill Hotel, Blairmore. A honey-homey place for the weary traveller.

Cosmopolitan Hotel, Blairmore, built in 1913 at a cost of \$65,000.

ELKS' Annual Dance at the Blairmore Opera House, Thursday, December 29th.

Considered one of the finest all round hotels in Southern Alberta.

W. L. Evans, dealer in new and second hand furniture.

Rex Cafe, modern in every particular, Blairmore.

The "L.B.K. Store," Lundbreck, dealers in general groceries, etc. Tea room in connection.

Dave Oliver, general draying and agency for Imperial Oils, Blairmore.

S. Trono, the popular jeweler. Finest stock of jewelry in the Crows' Nest Pass, Blairmore.

K. G. Craig, harrister and solicitor, formerly of Calgary.

Crows' Nest Flour & Feed Store, Martin Kubie, proprietor, Blairmore.  
Hyslop's, for ladies' wear. Branch store at Pincher Creek.

Hartley Upham, Tim Murphy and Alf. Link, the Blairmore barbers.  
Henry Zak, meat markets at Bellevue and Blairmore.

J. E. Upton, Blairmore, tailor to the people of the Crows' Nest Pass. Most modern shop south of Calgary.

G. K. Siret, Bellevue, painter and decorator. Wall papers and paints, etc., kept in stock.

D. A. Howe, agent, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Blairmore.

C. H. Erikson, Blairmore, cabinet maker.

C. J. Tompkins, district agent Sun Life Assurance Co., Blairmore.

C. Balfour, Blairmore, dealer in B. C. fruits and vegetables.

W. A. Bege, general real estate and insurance agent, Blairmore.

Gushul's Photo Studios, Blairmore, Coleman and Michel.

Danny Lewis, pool shark.

Steve Doreano, taxi, and confectionery parlor, Blairmore.

P. Burns & Co., Limited, dealers in meats and meat products. Branch stores at Coleman, Bellevue, Hillcrest and Blairmore.

J. A. McDonald, agent Singer Sew-

## BLAIRMORE UNITED CHURCH

Wishes you all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Services for Sunday, December 25, the pastor, Rev. J. W. Smith, in charge.

A Special Christmas Morning Service at 11 o'clock will take the place of Morning School. It is hoped that all the members of the morning school will be present, together with the general public. The pastor's message: "Finding Room for Jesus."

There will be no afternoon school. EVENING WORSHIP at 7.30. Subject: "What Think ye of Christ?" At both these services a special missionary offering will be received. Envelopes have been distributed for this purpose and may be had at the door of the church.

ANNOUNCEMENTS  
During the holiday week, all meetings and services will be cancelled. WATCH NIGHT SERVICE in the church at 11 p.m., Saturday, December 31st.

THE "WEEK OF PRAYER" will be held the first week in January, Monday to Friday, from 7.30 to 8.30 p.m.

ing Machines, Blairmore.

E. J. Pozzi & Son, Blairmore, contractors and builders.

J. R. Gresham, general insurance agent, Blairmore.

A. ("Tony") Pondelick, agent for Dominion of Canada Guarantee & Accident Insurance Co., Blairmore.

Rev. Father Donovan, pastor of St. Theresa and St. Cyril's Catholic churches at Hillcrest and Bellevue, respectively.

Rev. A. D. Currie, pastor of St. Alban's and St. Luke's Anglican churches at Coleman and Blairmore, respectively.

Rev. J. W. Smith, pastor of the Blairmore United church.

## COWLEY HAPPENINGS

Harry Hannan, of Calgary, was a recent Cowley visitor.

Joel Lloyd, of Calgary, was a visitor to town on Wednesday.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Leigh were visitors to Calgary for one day this week.

Robert Snaith, of Vauxhall, is spending the Christmas holidays with his mother, Mrs. Cowan, and family.

A lecture on the "Passion Play," demonstrated by lantern slides, was given in the United church on Sunday night by Rev. Mr. Griffith.

A special song service will be held at the United church on Sunday afternoon, December the 25th, commencing at 3 o'clock. The program will be supplied by the village children under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Griffith.

The annual meeting of the Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Griffith on Thursday, last. The following donations from this organization have recently been made: \$10.00 to the Woods' Christian Home, \$5.00 to the Save The Children Fund, and \$20.00 to the Christmas Tree Fund.

A musical concert was held in Tustian's hall on Wednesday under the auspices of the Women's Institute. The concert was a pronounced success. There were several good numbers on the programme, the outstanding feature being the orchestra, which was drilled by Arthur Tustian, who has proved himself to be a capable leader.

On Thursday evening the Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. R. W. Griffith. The election of officers was the most important order of business and those elected for the ensuing term are: President, Mrs. W. Fortier; first vice-president, Mrs.

Bouthiller; second vice-president, Mrs. R. W. Griffith; third vice-president, Mrs. A. Swart; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. George Porter. The Institute generously donated \$20 to the community Christmas tree and relieved the financial stress considerably. The Institute is glad to be able to begin the new year free of debt.

ELKS' Annual Dance at the Blairmore Opera House, Thursday, December 29th.

Angus: "Do you think I'm a perfect idiot, then?"  
His wife: "No, nobody is perfect."

The Elks of Brooks cleared \$300 from their annual dance.

## CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Christie desire to express their appreciation of the many acts of kindness and floral sympathy shown toward Mrs. Ada Christie and the members of both families under their present bereavement.

A Blairmore girl named Marion was visiting Vancouver for the first time. Strolling through one of the beautiful parks she noticed a number of snakes and finally asked her gentleman friend: "Say, where are all the animals that those talls belong to?"

The local schools closed yesterday for the Christmas holidays.

## ORPHEUM THEATRE

A. PTACEK, Prop.

## Special Christmas Programme Monday, December 26

POLA NEGRI in one of Her Greatest Pictures

### "BARBED WIRE"

Free Matinee at 2.30 for Children under 10 years.

SATURDAY ONLY — DECEMBER 24

Another Big Special British Production

### "SECOND TO NONE"

A ROMANCE OF THE NAVY

SATURDAY ONLY — DECEMBER 31

### NORMA TALMADGE in "CAMILLE"

This is the Biggest Picture ever made by this Star

We Wish all our Friends and Patrons a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Bright, Happy New Year



ONCE again, we take this opportunity of wishing all our Friends and Patrons of the Crows' Nest Pass

## A Merry Christmas

and a

## Happy and Prosperous New Year

## P. Burns & Co., Ltd.



What Shall We Give?

BACK through the centuries Christmas has always been a time for the giving of presents—big or little things to delight and gladden the hearts of children and their elders.

But where are the Christmas presents of other years—the toys, the useful things? Broken—worn out—forgotten.

Keep alive the spirit of your gift. Let it bring happiness and contentment from year to year—add a Royal Bank Savings Book to your list of Christmas presents.

Christmas Presentation Covers are provided for Gift Books.

## The Royal Bank of Canada

Blairmore Branch  
Branches: Bellevue and Hillcrest

J. B. Wilson, Manager  
S. J. Loney, Manager

## The Singer Seven-Drawer Cabinet Table

One of the Most Popular Styles of Singer Cabinet Work

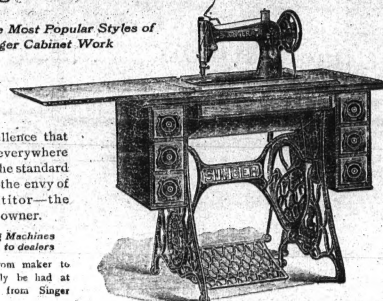
The Singer has so long represented the highest degree of excellence that it is to-day everywhere recognized as the standard of perfection—the envy of every competitor—the pride of every owner.

Singer Sewing Machines are never sold to dealers. They go direct from maker to user, and can only be had at Singer Shops or from Singer Salesmen.

Singer Electric — both table and portable — Sold on Easy Terms

## J. A. McDonald, Agent

BLAIRMORE : : : : ALBERTA



REMEMBER THE

## Elks' Fourth Annual Dance

To be held at the

## BLAIRMORE OPERA HOUSE

On the Night of

## Thursday, December 29th

-:- Banff Seven-Piece Orchestra -:-

Couple \$1.50

Extra Lady 75c

## Taking Christmas Seriously



**C**HRISTMAS as celebrated in most places has got pretty far away from the deeper meaning of the birth of Christ in our human world. There is an abundance of good fellowship, but not an equal amount of genuine good will. There is much superficial amiability, but not an equal regard for true peace on earth. Friendly greetings

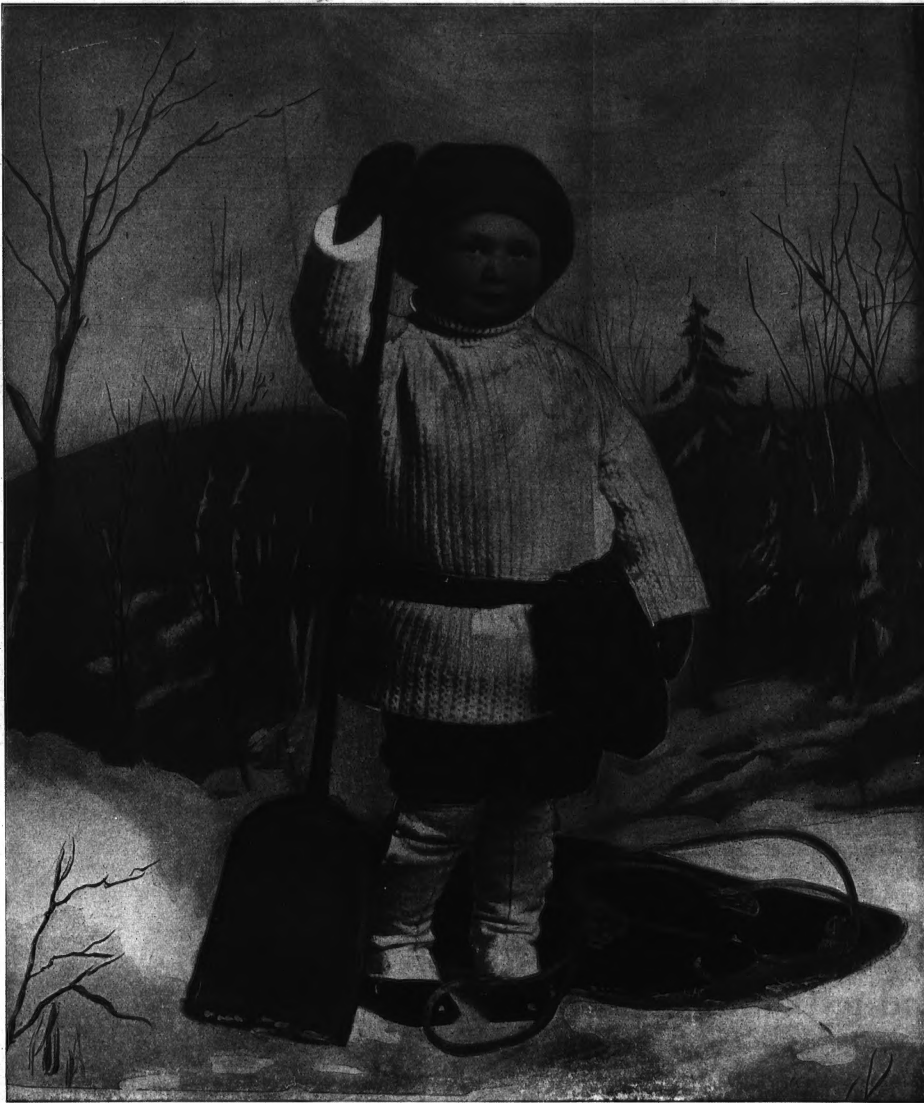
which are beautiful and hearty pass freely between friends, but it is an open question how far the Christmas season restores friendship between people who have been estranged, creates friendship between groups that have been hostile, or positively advances good will and peace between the races and people for all of whom Christ came to live and at last to die. Gifts, often expensive and lavish, are exchanged between people who like one another, or feel under obligation to do something generous to people who have been

the note of purpose, the note of self-sacrifice, the note of redemption. However cheerfully we take Christmas, the coming of Christ into our human world was no holiday matter for Him. Now was it intended just to give a happy holiday which we have surrounded with many pagan features. When our eyes are really open we see the moral purpose of His coming, the thought of God in having Him come, the meaning for men who had missed the mark, men who were lost. There were no others.

As a rule, we take the Easter season and what we call Passion Week more seriously and soberly. But the life of Jesus was all of one piece. He did not just begin to be the Saviour when the shadow of the cross fell upon Him at the end. The Saviour was born at Bethlehem. The hands of the Bethlehem Babe were infant hands. One can easily see the lovely picture of Him and Mary. But they were the hands that would afterward be nailed to Calvary's cross. He was not born to make a holiday, but to save a world, and to save it at any cost. Our shallow, superficial, good-natured Christmas festivity is far enough from what Bethlehem meant. Mary knew in part, the Wise Men knew in part, the angels knew in part. The heart of God knew altogether. Maybe one of our highest services in modern life would be to recover Christmas for Jesus Christ and His real purpose in the world. We can not make enough of Christmas except by making enough of Jesus Christ. The world gets

believe that Christ had by His incarnation raised my whole life to an entirely higher level—to a level with His own—I hardly know how I should live at all." Let us not miss the truth here through fear of mysticism. Both these men—St. Paul and the archbishop—had hold of the matter at the right end and were looking and going the right way. The incarnation is an eternal fact for human experience and an eternal principle for human practice. As long as we treat it just as a doctrine we are missing its supreme value. Such truths as this and the atonement and the Trinity and inspiration can only be saved from scholasticism and dryness by passing into life and experience.

And the experience of the incarnation, what Paul may have meant by "having Christ formed in us," can only reach its real meaning by working out in us as it worked out in Jesus Christ, practically and usefully. In Jesus divine strength put itself into the very lives of weak men, took their weakness upon Himself in order that He might save them from their weakness. In Him divine truth put itself into the ignorance and bondage of men that He might set them free. In Him goodness and holiness put themselves into the very heart of evil; took men's evil upon themselves that men might be saved from evil. In Jesus Christ divine wealth and divine health put themselves into the very heart of men's poverty and men's disease, the poverty and disease due to men's own sin,



Who wouldn't like to be a "Kid" again even if just for Christmas Day?

generous, but a sober facing of the meaning of the gift of God in Jesus Christ and what that calls for is not so common. And words like these will seem utterly discordant, and Christmas revelers, reading them, will be sure that the writer is a pestilential "kill joy" in his spirit.

So also the note of the angels, like the name of Jesus, strikes strangely if not discordantly into the cheerful temper of these later days. Who are we that we should need a Saviour from our sins? What are sins, anyhow? And who is he that he should think he can save us from them? The blight of shallowness lies in this deadly fashion upon all too many of our people and too much of our life. We are celebrating Christmas joyfully, as we ought, but missing and forgetting, if not denying, the real reason for the joy that Christ's coming brought to men. It would be hard to see the face of the Saviour at all through many of the current Christmas celebrations, or hear the note of the angel's song above the gaily of Christmas revelries. Meantime there is that high note in the original event—

only a secondary and transitory joy out of His coming until it rejoices in Him as its Saviour. Our songs and carols will not strike the key of the angel's song until we are singing, "Unto us is born a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Sin and sorrow continue to grow while we sing, "Joy to the world." It is because we take it all too superficially and easily. We do not give to Christmas Christ's own deep meaning.

And by the same token we miss the true significance of what we call the incarnation. That has become a doctrine, a test of orthodoxy, a shibboleth in religious speech, especially in religious debate. And much of this gets us pretty far away from the meaning for us of that stupendous Christmas truth that God was in Christ, that the "Word became flesh." We never get the incarnation into its right place in our creeds until we get it as a vital force and living principle into our lives. We do not know or begin to know what it meant to Jesus Christ until we can say with St. Paul, "Christ liveth in me." Archbishop Temple once said, "If I did not

that men might be rich and whole in Him. And really I know no better way to understand the incarnation than to practice it.

And all this for a Christmas message! For a greeting to people who are thinking of Bethlehem's Babe, and not at all of such sober stuff as this. I, too, am thinking of Him, and the Wise Men and the mother and the angels. But I am also thinking of Him as the waiting years stretch out before Him and as He bears into them to love, to suffer, to teach, to heal, to atone, to live, to die, to rise again, for the redemption of the world. "Joy to the world, the Lord is come." Let us take Him seriously and enthrone Him King over all life. We shall not get far in winning the world to Him until we enter fully into what He meant by His coming. That will largely change the character of our Christmas celebrations, and it may also help us to change the character of the modern world in which He lives and for which He longs. We shall not make enough of Christmas until we seriously begin to "make enough of Jesus Christ."

### The Compliments of the Season to all

D. A. HOWE

Agent  
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.  
Phone R3 - - Blairmore

### The Season's

Best Wishes to all

C. H. ERIKSON

BLAIRMORE - - ALBERTA

### GREETINGS TO ALL

FROM

C. J. TOMPKINS

Agent, Sun Life Assurance Co.  
of Canada

PHONE 108 - - BLAIRMORE

### A Merry Christmas and a

Happy New Year  
to Everybody

CHAS. BIAFORE

The "Fruit" Man  
BLAIRMORE - - ALBERTA

### The Same Old Wish

— From —

W. A. BEEBE

Insurance  
Notary Public

BLAIRMORE - - ALBERTA

### Wishing Everybody the Best Wishes of the Season

W. M. BUSH

Blairmore Vulcanizing  
and Battery Station  
EAST END - - BLAIRMORE

### Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a

Happy New Year

DANNY LEWIS

Billiard Parlors  
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Say it with a Photo  
of Yourself or Family

### A Merry Christmas

GUSHUL STUDIOS

BLAIRMORE and COLEMAN

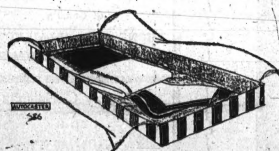
### A Cheery Christmas and a

Bright New Year

S. DORENZO

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Bright and Happy this  
Christmas and Prosperity  
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